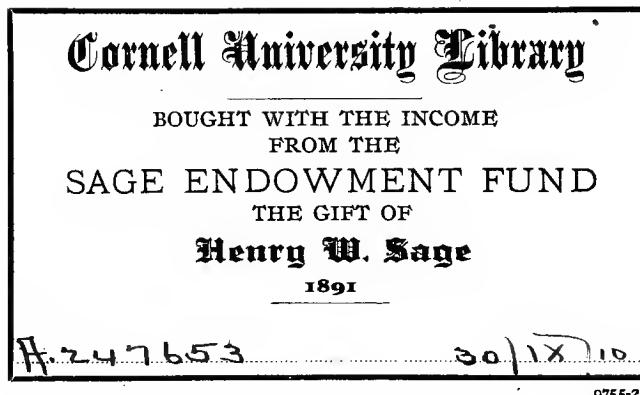




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The longer thou livest the more fool thou



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Longer thou Livest the more
Fool thou art

By W. WAGER

[c. 1568]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Longer thou Livest the more
Fool thou art

By W. WAGER

Date of earliest known Edition c. 1568

[B.M., C. 34, e. 37]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1910

The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art

By W. WAGER

[c. 1568]

The original of this facsimile is supposed to have been printed c. 1568. The Stationers' Register has the following among the entries from July 22, 1568, to July 22, 1569 (Arber's Transcript, I. 386):—

“Receyvd of Rychard Jonnes for his lycense for pryntinge of a
ballet the lenger thou leveste the more ffoole thou
iiij d.”

There is record of two other plays by W. Wager (who must not be confounded with Lewis Wager, the author of “Mary Magdalene”). One, “Tis Good Sleeping in a whole Skin,” is said to have been destroyed by Warburton’s servant; of the other, “The Cruel Debtor,” till recent years the only known leaf was C. iii. in Bagford’s collection of title-pages and scraps among the Harleian MSS. Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, however, came across a double leaf, D. and D. 4, among Mr. W. B. Scott’s black-letter fragments. These three leaves will be included in the first volume of facsimiles of Dramatic Fragments already announced in this series.

[In this connection the Editor will be pleased to receive information of, and suggestions concerning other fragments of a similar kind that it would be desirable or useful to include in the three volumes of fragments at present contemplated.]

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the MS. Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original (C. 34, e. 37), says "it is admirably done."

JOHN S. FARMER.

A very mery and

Pythie Commedie, called The longer
thou liest, the more foole shou art.

A Myrrour very necessarie for youth, and

specially for such as are like to come to dy-

nitie and promotion: As it maye

well appear in the Matter

folowynge.

Newly compiled by

VV. VVager.



IMPRINTED AT

London, by Wylliam How

for Richardde Johnes: and

are to be solde at his shou

nder the Lotterie

hous.

The Players names.

Prologue.	Fortune.
Moros.	Ignorance.
Discipline.	Crueltie.
Pietie.	Impietie.
Exercitacion.	People.
Idlenesse.	Gods iudgement.
Incontinencie.	Confusion.
Wrath.	

Four may playe it easely.

The Prologue. Exercitacion. Wrath. for one.
Discipline. Incontinencie. for another.
Cruelie. Goddes Judgement.

Moros. for another.
Fortune. for another.
Discipline. Incontinencie. for another.
Impietie. Confusion. for another.
Pietie. Idlenes. for another.
Ignorance. People. for another.



The Prologue.



Ristophones as Valerius doth tell,
Introduceth Pericles in a Commedic,
That he being reduced, againe out of Hell,
Unto Thathenienses did thus prophesie.

Bringe vp no Lyons in your Cities wantonly,
For as you bring them vp in actes pernicious,
So in the same you must be to them obsequious.
By this saith Valerius he doth admonish,
That rich men sonnes be from euell maners restrained
Least that with profuse sondnes we do them noyish,
Vertue of them ever after be disdained :
So that when authoritie, they haue obtained,
They them selues being giuen to inconuenience,
Oppresse their subiects vnder their obedience,
Oh hol' noble a thing is good education,
For all estates profitable : but for them chiesely
Whiche by birth are like to haue guber nation,
In publikque weales, that they may rule ever iustly :
For while the Romanes did forsee this matter wisely,
They had a wise Senate whiche preualed alway,
And that being neglected, they fell soone to decay.
To be a good man it is also expedient,
Of good Parents to be begotten and borne,
Indeede to all men it is most evident,
That a pleasaunt Rose springeth of a sharpe Thorne,
But commonly of good Weed procedeth good Corne,
Good Parents in good manners do instruct their childe,
Correcting him when he beginneth to grow wilde :
The bringing vp of a childe from his tender age,
In vertue, is a great helpe to be an hone st man,
But when youth is suffred to haue his owne rage,
It falleth to much calamity now and than:
I would wish Parents and Masters to do what they can
Both to teach and correct their youth with reason,
That it may profit the publique weale an other season.

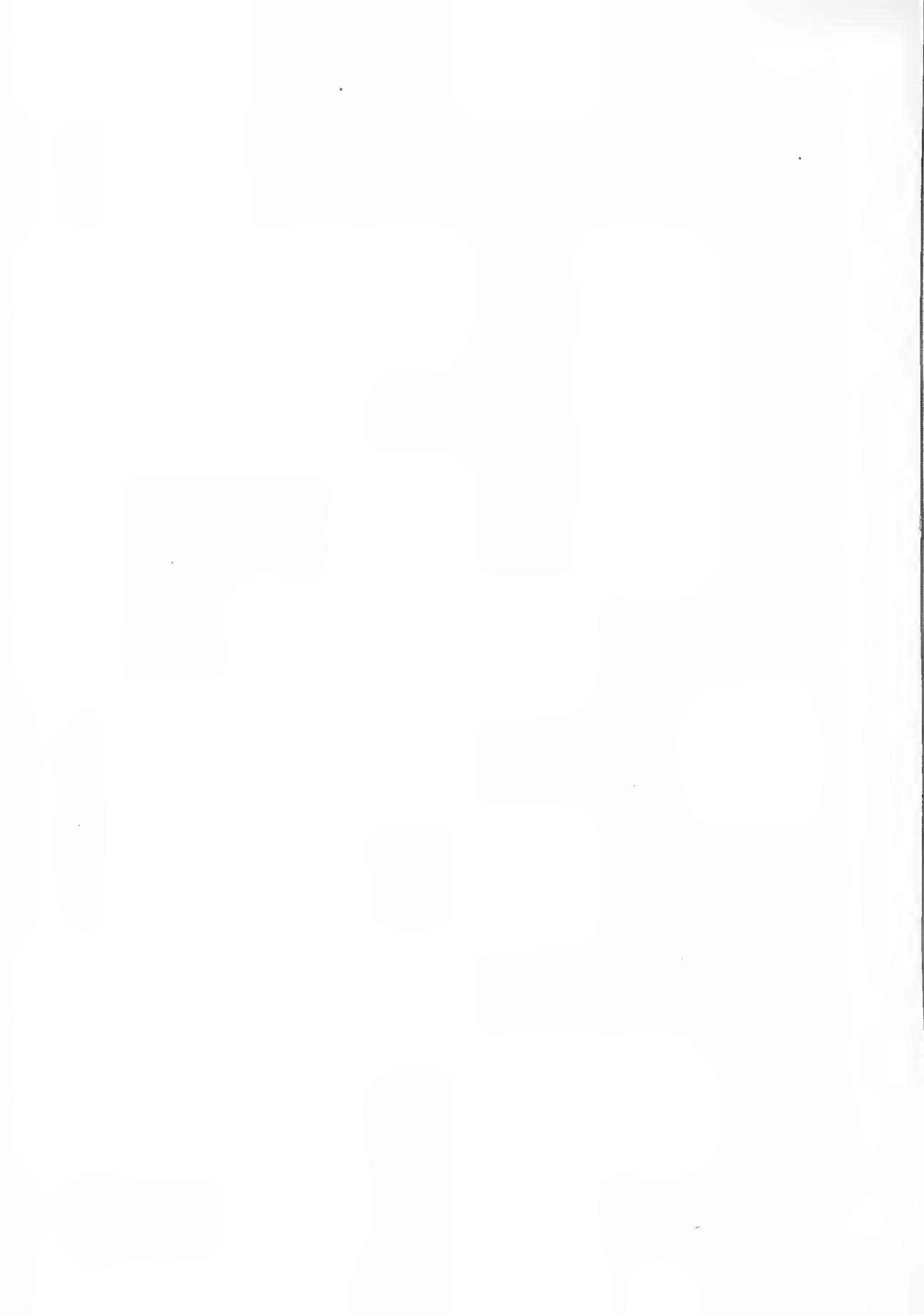
A g.

To

The Prologue.

To helpe herefo good Schoole Masters are necessarie,
Sage, sober, expert, learned, gentle and prudent,
Under such Masters youth can neuer miscarie,
For either they refraine euils with good aduiseement,
Or to occupy the minde good lessons do intuent :
To youth nothing in the world is so pernicious ;
As to be conuersant with masters lacunous,
Bringynge vp is a great thynge, so is dilligence,
But nothing, God except, is so strong of Nature,
For neither councell, learninge nor sapience,
Can an euill nature to honest manners allure :
Do we not see at these daies so many past cure,
That nothing can their crookednes re rectifie,
Till they haue destroyed them bitterly ?
The Image of such persons we shall introduce,
Represented by one whom Moros we do call,
By him we shall declare the vnbefyste abuse,
Of such as had leuer to Folly and Idlenes fall,
Then to herken to Sapience when he doth call :
There processe, how their whole life they do spende,
And what shame they com to at the last ende :
Wherfore this our matter we entitle and name,
The longer thou liuest the more Foole thou arte.
Are there not many which do bereave the same ?
Yes I warrant you, and naturally play that parte,
Yea, euen from the Judgment seat vnto the Carte :
But truly we meane no person particularly,
But only to specifie of such generally :
Holsom lessons now and than we shall enterlace,
Good for the ignorant, not hurtfull to the wise,
Honest mirth shall com in, and appeare in place,
Not to thadvancement, but to the shame of vice,
To ertoll Vertue without saile is our devise,
A season we shall desier you of patience,
And to make you mery we will do our dilligence.

FINIS.



There entresth Moro, coulterfaiting
a baine gesture and a foolish countenancē,
Singing the soote of many Songs, as foole
were won.

Mores. Brome, Brome on hill,
The gentle Brome on hill hill :
Brome, Brome on Hiu hill,
The gentle Brome on Hiu hill,
The Brome standes on Hiu hill a.
¶ Robin lende to me thy Bowe, thy Bowe,
Robin the bow, Robin lende to me thy bow a;
¶ There was a Mayde come out of Kent,
Deintie loue, deintie loue,
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Daungersous be :
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Fayre, propre, small and gent,
As ever vpon the grounde went,
For so shoud it be.
¶ By a banke as I lay, I lay,
Wulinge on things past, hey how.
¶ Tom a lin and his wife, and his wiues mother
They went ouer a bridge all thre together,
The bridge was broken and they fell in,
The Deunk gō with all quoth Tom a lin.
¶ Martin Swart and his man, sodledum sodledum,
Martin Swart and his man sodledum bell.
¶ Com ouer the Boozne Besse,
By little pretie Besse,
Com ouer the Boozne besse to me.
¶ The white Dove sat on the Castell wall,
I bend my Bow and shoothe her I shall,
I put her in my Gloue both fethers and all,
I layd my Bridle vpon the shelfe,
If you will any moore sing if your selfe ;

Discipline. D Lordē are you not ashamed,
Thus bainly the time to spende,
Your friendes by you are defamed;

I would

A newv Commedie, called

I would haue you this gear to amend;
What, to a good age now you grow,
It is time childhnesse to forfike,
I would finde somwhat to do I wrote,
And not like a foole such a noyse to make,
Goyng vp and downe like a wittlesse Boy,
Singing and bellowing like a daue,
If you will not amend this toy,
We will bring you to an other aw.

Moros. I haue I wente mo songs yet,
A sond woman to my Mother,
As I war wont in her lappe to sit,
She taught me these and many other,
I can sing a song of Robin Redbreast,
And my little pretie Nightingale,
There dwelleth a jolly Foster here by west,
Also I com to drinke som of your Christmas ale
Whan I walke by my selfe alone,
It doth me good my songs to render,
Such pretie thinges would souie be gon,
If I shold not somtyme then rememb're.

Discipline, Gaudet stultis Natura creandis.
Nature hath a pleasure Fooles to creat,
Vt maluis atque vrticis & vilibus herbis.
As Mallowes, nettles and weedes of that rate,
Hui sunt obtuso ingenio crasso cerebro.
These are dull of wit and of a grosse braine,
Et nihil pendunt animi bona depeci ludo.
And set at nought Vertue geuen to pastime baine,
These verses I may on you brefe,
Except you will take an other way,
I would be glad your manners to rectifie,
If you wold heare what I will say,
For shame I say yet againe,
Forget your babyl vanitie,
Folly and vice you must refraine,
And give your selfe to humanitie.

The lenger thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros. I am good at scourging of my Toppe,
You would laugh to se me mosel the pegge,
Upon my one foote pretely I can hoppe,
And daunce trimly about an Egge:
Also, when we play and hunt the for,
I outrun all the boyes in the schoole :
My mother gaue me a Boule of Box,
Alone I am to hanble such a foole
I can com softly behinde a Boye,
And give him a bloo and run away :
My mother teacheth me many a pretie toy,
You shall know what they be one day,
When to fight w^t my father thou doest purpose
Mucke him upward by the heare still,
Walith thy knockles strike him on the nose,
Let him not gae till thou haue thy will.

Discipline. Quales quisque sibi natos eduxit habebit.
As one bringeth vp his Children saith he,
So shall he haue them, wise or without wit,
Therefore parents are to blame as here we see
But to you now I pray you tell,
We these the best lessons of your Parents:

Moros. So soooth I can ring the Daunce Bell,
And letch fier when they go to mattins.

Discipline. Better it were to haue no education,
Then to be instructed in any part of Idolatry
For there is no part without abomination,
But all together full of sectes and heresie,

Moros. Nay I can more thē that, harke in your care
To call him knawe I go not behinde the doore
Be bold w^t my father and do not feare,
If thy mother anger thee, call hit whore.

Discipline. Without doubt such lewd persons there are,
And this is the cause that so many evill men,
Now replenish the earth with sorrow and care,
Not one good man is scarsly among ten,
Let this vngracious and foolish person,

The lenger thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros. I am good at scourging of my Toppe,
You would laugh to se me mosel the pegge,
Upon my one foote pretely I can hoppe,
And daunce trimly about an Egge:
Also, when we play and hunt the for,
I outrun all the boyes in the schoole:
My mother gaue me a Boule of Wor;
Alone I am to hanble such a toole
I can com softly behinde a Boye,
And give him a blow and run away:
My mother teacheth me many a pretie toy,
You shall know what they be one day,
When to fight w^t my father thou doest purpose
Mucke him upward by the heare still,
With thy knockles strike him on the nose,
Let him not goe till thou haue thy will.

Discipline. Quales quisque sibi natos eduxit habebit.
As one bringeth vp, his Children saith he,
So shall he haue them, wife or without wit,
Therefore parents are to blame as here we ses
But to you now I pray you tell,
Be these the best lessons of your Parents:

Moros. No so looth I can ring the Daunce Bell,
And fetch fier when they go to Mattins.
Discipline. Better it were to haue no education,
Then to be instructed in any part of Idolatry
For there is no part without abomination,
But all together full of sectes and heresie,

Moros. Nay I can more shé that, harke in your eare
To call him knawe I go not behinde the doore
Be bold w^t my father and do not feare,
If thy mother anger thee, call her whore.

Discipline. Without doubt such leude persons there are,
And this is the cause that so many euill men,
Now replenish the earth with sorrow and care,
Not one good man is scarsly among ten,
Let this ungracious and foolish person,

A new Commedie, called

Bee as an Image of such bringing vp,
Likes to be as vnhappy a patron,
As euer dranke of any mans cup:
For the loue that we owe to mankind,
And chiesly unto Christianitie,
We will proue to alter his minde,
And bring him to humanitie.

Pietie. All haile right honorable Discypline,
Well occupied euer more I do you finde
Instructing one or other with doctrine,
According to your Naturall kinde:
Which is both comly manners to teach,
And also to minister correction:
If all men unto your precepts would reach,
Soone should be clesed all infection.

Discipline. Welcom Pietie, the doore of all vertue,
In you consisteth gods honour vertue and loue
Without the which no good thing can ensue,
As by the chyssian Poet we do prove:
Hoc sine Virtute alias nihil est putato,
Without the worship of God omnipotent,
Which learned men properly call Pietie
Other vertues be they never so excellent,
Are esteemed but as things of vilitie.

Entre
Exercitatio. And as vertu, is no vertue without Pietie
So without the same, vertue can not be eschued
Pietie is a frew hono: of Gods maiestie,
Wherwith christians should be endued,
God to worship, to loue, to feare, to praise,
His holy commaundements to obey:
To be occupied in his lawes nightes and dayes
This propperly is called Pietie I say.

Moros. By my troth if you wil can me good troth,
I will bring you to a prettie Birds nest,
Werely I thinkie it be a red wankie,
She is white in the taile, and blacke in the brest.

Discipline. The longer thou liuest the nixre fooler art

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

The more instruction, the lese Sapience,
Grace will not enter into a foolish hart,
Iniquitie stoppeth out intelligence,
To you Peticie, and Exercitacion,
Of such folly, I haue admonished him:
But I can haue none other communication,
So vainly haue his parents nourished him.

Peticie. Thus the Christian Poet to wright was wont,
Without industry, all things mortall,
Nature in scinctu, sponte riunt.
By very nature, vnto vice do fall;
But as we see by experiance,
A barren Field is made fat and firtle,
If men will adhibit their diligencie,
And labour about it a while:
So though this yong fellow, be foolish as yet,
With labour and diligent admonition,
He may in prosses of time, learne wit,
And be willing to take erudition.

Exercita. Vertue hath very hard entraunces,
But ready is the way vnto vice:
And there to fall we all, not by chaunces,
But willingly if we be not ware and wise,
Now wheras the Lads education,
Hath ben rude, foolish, fond, and baine,
Let vs give him good information,
And to proffit him let vs gladly take paine.
Discipline, do you still your indeuer,
To cause him perfectly to know Peticie,
That is: God to serve, to feare, to loue, to honour,
And his Parents to obey with humillitie.
Then you know: that I Exercitation,
According as I shall see his aptnes,
I will exercise him in good occupacion,
Wherby he shall eschew Idlenes.

Moros. In S. Nicolas Chambles ther is inough,
Or in Eastcheape, or at Saint Katherins,
There be good Poddings at the signe of the Plough,

A newv Commedie, called

You never did eate better Hauserblinges.

Discipline. This folly is not his Innocency,
Which can in this wise, lewdly ouerwharf,
But it is a malicious Insolentie,
Which procedeth from a wicked harted.

Pietie. Com hither brother, com hither:

Your name to me you must disclose.

Discipline. His folly his master did consider,
And therfore called him nothing but Moros.

Pietie. Moros is a foole by interpretacion
But wisdom goeth not all by the name,
He that is a foole in conuersation,
As a foole in deede we may him blame,
I know som that be named happy:
And som good, blessed, and fortunable,
Yet truly there be none moxe unlucky,
Worse more wicked and unproffitable,
And though Moros, a foole doth signifie,
Yet you may be wise as I trust you will,
If you will sarue god as you ought diligently,
He shall give you wisdom, if you pray still.

Moros. I may tell you, my Father did like me well
I am the wiest child that euer he had,
Osten times I haue herd him say or tell,
My boy Moros will proue a wise Lad.

Exhortation. If you can remember your fathers saying,
Why can you not remember good lessons al well;
You may not set your minde vpon playng,
But apply your selfe to Disciplines counsell.

Discipline. My counsell is that you feare God aboue all:
Pray vnto him to give you Sapience,
Cease not vpon his holy name to call:
We mæke in sprite, fast and keepe abstinence,
His Ministers, Preistes and Preachers,
Such as rule the holy Church Catholique:
Obey I meane such as be true teachers,
Companie not with any Heretike.
An Heretike, him holy Doctors do call,

Whiche

The longer thou livest the more foole thou art.

Which erreth in Gods most sacred Scripture,
Which is blinde and seeth not his owne fall,
But maliciously doth in errour endure,
The greatest Heresie that ever was,
Vath the Pope and his adherentes published,
Vea the Heresie of Arius it doth passe,
For Christe and his benefites it hath extinguisched,
Crample by the wicked Mass satissatorie,
Which to Christes death they make equiuolent,
For they call it a Sacrifice propiciatorie,
Which is an heresie most pestilent.
Agayne, praier to Hainetes that be dead,
Which is a great poynte of infidelitie,
For they foriske Christe which is the head
Who taught to worship in sprite and heretie.

Exercitation. Can you recite wisely agayne,
Disciplines counsell and monition.

Mores. Can I : yea I trow I can and that playne,
If you suffer me without interruption,
First he laid beare an od ende with an all,
Play now and then in thy masters absence;
Cease not a knane by his right name to call,
Much on the Spitte is past abstinence.

Discipline. Loe you here: what a patron this is,
Thinke you that he is not past grace.

Exercitation. Yet I say, he that hath wit to do this,
May turne to Vertue also in space.

Pietie. Com hither I pray the tell me but one thing,
How intendest thou to live an other day.

Mores. How:truly make merry, daunce and sing,
Set cocke a whope, and play care away:

Pietie. Seing that you haue none other respect,
But your life daies in folly to spende,
Discipline must you now and then correet,
That vnto wisdom you may your selfe bende.

Mores. Correet q he : why shall I be beaten?
My father will not suffer that I trow.

Discipline. You begin to be scabbie and worme eaten,

A newv Commedie, called

It is time walt upon you to strow,
Hirra, do you see what I haue here,
The wise man willeth, an Alle to haue a scourge,
You haue learned folly many a yeaire,
From the same now I must you purge:
You that haue the wit to mocke and to scorne,
What wit you haue to wisdom I will see,
Upon your sides this scourge shalbe wozne,
Except you will speake rightly after me,
I will loue and feare God aboue all.

Moros. I will loue ic.
Sai after him He might bouchsafe to give me sapience.
Discipline. He might bouchsafe ic.
Moros. I shall not cease on his holy name to call,
Discipline. I shall not cease ic.
Moros. That he will open mine intelligence,
Discipline. That he will ic.
Moros. Well sayd.
Discipline. Well sayd.
Say the same verses alone together,
Moros. Like as you sayd them after me.
Say the same verses alone together,
Piccie. Like as you sayd them after me.
His meaning you do not consider,
Moros. Alone you must say the verses as they be,
His meaning you do not consider,
Exercitation. Alone you must say the verses as they be.
You may say no more as he did say,
Moros. He did but teach you your wordes wisely to frame
You may say no more as he did say,
Discipline. He did but teach you your wordes wisely to frame
With an vngracious foole we spend the day
Moros. He turneth all to a mocke and a game.
With an vngracious foole we spend the day,
Discipline. He turneth all to a mocke and a game.
Exeration they say giueth intelligence,
Moros. An other while I will proue you with my scourge.
Exeration they say giueth intelligence,

An

The longer thou diest the more foole thou art.

Picie. Another while I will proue you with my scourge
This heady foolishnes and negligence,
With correction away we must purge.

Moros. This heady foolishnes, and negligence,
With correction away we must purge.

Exercitation. We will holde him while you do him beate,
Lay on Discypline, and do not spare.

Moros. I trowe I shall make you all thre to sweate,
Com one for one, and for you all I doe not care.
Body of god, alas my arse, out, out no more,
Crie you mercie, a vengeaunce take you,
For Gods sake leane mine arse is sore
I will say as you will haue me say now.

Discipline. Say thus.

Moros. Say thus:

Discipline. I will loue and feare God aboue all,
He might bouchslate to give me Sapience;
I will not ceale on his holy name to call,
That he may open mine intelligence.

Picie. Good sonne say these wordes and thinke þ same
And we will teache you other good lessons moe.

Moros. You haue put me out God give you shame,
I wot not which way the Devill they goe.

Discipline. Repete them againe I will loue &c.

Moros. I will loue porridge when they be sod, Beef & al
For Motton good hause is halte and Drinions,
Up unto the hie dische when my Dame they call,
While she openeth the Pie, I picke the Pinions.

Picie. Let vs loose no more labour about this foole
For the more he is taught the worse he is.

Discipline. Holde him, and I will teache him a new schoole,
He can speake the right that can speake this,

Moros. O beat me no more, I pray you hartly,
To make you to laugh I hymed them this way,
Sopainte I haue so talk and sing merely,
But I thinke no harme then by this day.

Exercitation. In you let vs some towardnes see,
For to make you a man we do intend,

Act. 1. Sc. 1. A new Commedie, called

To laugh, to be mery, to stage, times there be,
But in such thinges now we haue no time to spende,

Pietie. Let vs haue hols Discypline you do vnderstand,
The sentence that he hath taught you do you say.

Moros. That is h bess way I think to escape your hand
But I trust to be euen with you one day:

I will loue and feare god aboue all,
He myght bouchsafe to giue me Sapience,
I will not cease on his holy name to call,
That he may open mine intelligence:

Discipline. This is well if it be spoken with the harte,
Fears sometime causeth dissimulation.

Moros. I can not speake it I supposse without a harte,
After feare cometh alway consolation,

Pietie. I perceiue that you haue wit competentlie,
If you would applie it vnto vertue,
We will instruct you suffiently,
If our Doctrine you will humbly ensue

Exercitation. By vs you shall haue this commoditie,
In this life you shall be in reputacion,
After this life you shall haue felicitie:
That is Joy in the heauenly habitacion.

Discipline. By sonne this order with you we will take,
First I will comit you vnto Pietie,
Who the true seruaunt of God shall you make,
And teach you to honour his Maestie,

Here let Moros betwene euery sentence say
Gay gearc, good stuse, very well, finado,
with such mockish termes.

To loue him, to pray to him, day and night,
To knowe his sonne Iesus Christ,
Equale with the Father in substance and myght,
The holy Ghost the authoer of loue and concorde,
In him you shall leare Gods worde to beare,
Your dutie to the Pilgrimes of the same,
Who the misteries of God in their harts do beare
To esteeme the sacraments eche one by name,
Pietie will teache you your dutie to kinges,

To

The longer shouldest the more foole thou art.
Tortours and Maiestates, for their deuise,
Unto whom you must be obedient in all thinges
Concerning the Statutes and lawes of the Countrey,
It is Pictie your Parents to obey,
Pesa your Prince and Countrey to defend,
The poore to comfort euer as you may,
For the truthe sake your bloud to spend.

Mores. Pay hoo there by God all things save bloud,
He that breaketh my head I will breake his againe.

Pictie. Your understanding in that is not good,
Such appetites you must alway restraine.

Exercitation. After that you are endued with Pietie,
In me you shall haue Exercitacion,
To your owne and other mens utilite,
I meane a science or occupacion,
Whiche to learne do your diligencie,
And being learned, do the same occupie,
And occupied by experiance,
Seeke to exercise them basely.

Discipline. How say you will you dwel with Pietie,
And learne his instrutions with a good will,
I thanke you for your good minde towarde me,
I will never go from you but dwell with you still.

Mores. First vnto you a testament heare & give,
Wherein you shall learne what the will of God is,
To pray vpon and to learne your Christen beleue,
And to amend your manners that be amisse.

Mores. Gods sanctie, this is a goodlie Booke in deede,
We there anie Saints in it and Pilcrowes,
A sir, I haue spied Christes Croesse vse speede,
I may tell you I am past all my Croesse rawes,
I haue learned beyond the ten commaundementes,
Two yeares ago doubtlesse I was past grace,
I am in the muddiest of Gods Judgements,
I trust to be as wise as he with in fforst state.

Pictie. I will haue all these halme wordes to cease,
An other lease you must take now truly.

Mores. Of godly Pilke if you will give me dely a mowle

A newv Commedie, called

You shall see I will wait vpon you dury.
Pietie. It is so that I may no longer tarry here,
I must go hence, come will you go with me?
Moros. Pea that I will, for here is little good chere,
What good fare you haue I purpose to se.
Discipline. Looke that you doo your scle honestlie behauie,
For I purpose to se you every day thrise,
Neither mockes nor gaudes shall your skinne saue,
I aduise you therfore to be honest and wise.
Exercitatio. In doing well, feare ye no punishment,
Be ruled by the counsell of Discipline,
Your owne follie will be your detriment,
If you from Pietie chaunce to decline.
Moros. I warrant you in paine of twentie shames,
I am wonne now, you shall se me verie honest,
But yet I go yet let me know your names,
Declare them I pray you at my request.
Discipline. You know that my name is Discipline,
Moros. Verie well, verie well Diricke Quintine,
You are maister Diricke Quintine.
Pietie. Ofte times you haue heard me called Pietie,
Moros. Maister Pineuttre, and maister Diricke Quintine
Exercitatio. I exercise men in good wordes and Doctine,
And therfore Exercitatio they call me.
Moros. Arse out of fashion, here is a mistacion,
Diricke Quintine will gather Rodes of the Pineuttre,
And beate mine arse till it be out of fashion,
With this devise truly I can not agre.
Discipline. Why stand you murmuring there alone,
Give eare vnto the wordes that to you be said.
Pietie. Come Moros, come good sonne, I must be gone,
To dwell with me, you neede not be afraide.
Moros. Astrayde, no I will go with you to the woldes ende,
I promise you to be true night and day,
For though never so much aboute me you do spend,
I will not beare the valo^r of a pennie away.
Pietie. Go before him and yet sayc. We haue taken a busie wokke vpon vs,



The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

For al our wordes he is not the better one Pease.

Discipline. Well a season with him take ye paine,
Wee will proue if we can do any good.

Moros. With them if long you do here remaine,
Go out pieti I will go seeke a new Master by the roode
and Moros. How thinke you, truly I am in dispaire
Exercitation. I feare that all our labour wil be lost,
He is not bent neither to abstinence nor praiers,
I am aduised to bestow on hiȝ no more cost.

Discipline. Ipsaue non multo est natura potentior vsu,
I like well that he is gone with Pietie,
For conuersation with persons of vertue
Altereth nature sometime for a suertie :
Custome may all kinde of manners bring forth,
This to be true wee know by experiance,
But if he decay wee must take it at worth,
At the least let vs doo our diligence.

Exercita. If he had been taken somewhat in season,
Betwenee I woulde haue hoped in his amendment :
whiles let But folly hath so ouercharged his reason,
Moros put That he is past redresse in my iudgement :
in his head. While a plant of a Treæ is yonge and tender,
You may cause it to grow crooked or right :
So a childe, while knowledge is but slender,
You may instrue whereto you will by night :
But after the Plante is growne to a tree,
To any bowinge it will not geue place :
So yonge folkes when to age growne they be,
They are stubborne and be of an indurate face :
Againe he is of a haughty nature,
A witte, but to no goodnesse applied,
If he shalbe suffered to endure,
Muche euill by him shalbe multiplied.

Discipline. Let vs se how he doth profit in Pietie,
If he goeth any thing forwarde thererin :
Unto labour, vertue, and veritie,
I will hope him easely to winne,
For as I saide here a litle before,

C.

Who

A new Committee, called

Who so doth God faithfully serue and feare,
And aboue all thinges hym serue and honour,
He shall thriue, go for ward, and prosper.

Exercitation.

I beleue that with Pietie he went,
From correction him selfe to wende,
For if he to any vertue be bente,
I am much deceaued truly in my minde:
Certaine persons I coulde rehearse by name,
Haue pretended a great perfection,
And why to auoyde punishment and shame,
Due for their vitiouse infection:
As sum haue entred into religion,
Wherfore because they will not pay their det,
When they are persons of no good devotion,
For vpon vanitie their harts are set.

Discipline.

Go we softly and herken for his fasshion,
If with any lewdnesse I chaunce him to take,
I shall minister to him such correction,
As shall make his flesh tremble and quake.

Exercita.

With Pietie, you are not like him to finde,
He did put in his head twise or thrise,
He looketh for mates of an other kinde,
Wholy he is geuen to folly and vice.

Discipline

He is like to escape very narrowly,
If neither of vs catche him by the backe,
Except he be corrected throughly,
He will still vse his foolish knacke.

Here entreth
Idlenesse.

Go out both.
Wher the devill is the horsett foole,
He bad me eva now come hither,
Doubtlesse he is gone agayne to schoole,
Euen very now we are together,
Truly they will make him a foole in deede;
Teache him good manners, teache my dogge,
When you see him in learning procede,
Then will I make a man of this longe.
What ho, where art thou Moros? what ho?
Doubtlesse they take payne aboue a stome,
Doting fooles thinke to make Coyne to grow

Upon

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros. Upon gruell, where earth there is none.
Crie with out the doore alas, alas nomore, nomore, nomore,
making a noyse of heaving.
Idenes. No soyle hardly let them not spare,
What doth the foole in such companye,
That they would beate him on the buttockes bare,
To se that I would spend an halfe penny,
What howe Moros come hether I say,
He will not tary longe I dare warrant,
He and I mete ever once in a day,
Little will he sticke to play the trewant.
Here enteth Incontinence. What Idenes the parent of all vice,
Who thought to haue found the heare.
Idenes. Then art thou neyther mannerly nor wise,
As by thy salutation doth appeare,
For if I of vice be the parent,
Then thy parent I must needes be,
Thou art a vice by all mens consent,
Therefore it is like that I begat thee.
Incontinence. My parent, then hang my parent,
No syz I am your fellow and male,
Therwith you may be well content,
For I am of no small estat:
Otium enim forbes vitiorum est otium mentem,
Ad malta mala trahunt otium comes ipsa libido est.
Idenes of vices is a prouocation,
To many evill Idenes draweth the minde,
Lust or lecherous inclination,
Is fellow to Idenes by kinde,
Lo I haue proued by authortie,
That I am thy fellow as I sayde,
To be my parent it were temeritie,
Yours argument here I haue stayd.
Idenes. They were thine owne wordes and not mine,
The parent of all vice thou diddest me call,

C.ii. Then

A nevv Commedie, called

Then it foloweth that I am thine,
For thou art the greatest vice of all,
The greatest mischeif that euer chaunced,
Cam by the meanes of inconstancie,
For where as thou art enhauenced,
There is all mischeife and insolencie.

Here entreth
Wrath.

Make roume, stande backe in the Devils name

Stande backe or I will lay thee on the face.

Incontinence.

Marie stande thou backe with a verie shame,

Is there not roume inough in the place.

Idlenesse.

It is but a coppie of his countenaunce,

Wrath must declare his propertie.

Incontinence.

He is as whot as a vengeance,

Stande backe and geue him libertie.

Wrath.

I had went it had been another,

I thought to haue gauen the a blow,

In my rage I fauour not my brother,

The nature of Wrath full well you do know.

Idlenesse.

Wrath and Madnesse they say be all one,

Having that Madnesse doth still remaine;

But wrath in fooles will soone be gone,

Pea and as soone it wil come againe.

Incontinence.

To fooles not only incontinencie

Is annered but wrath also furious,

The minde of fooles without clemencie,

Soone wareth hotte and is temerarious.

Wrath.

Speaking of fooles, it cometh to my remembrance,

I thought to haue founde Moros the foole here;

He goeth to schoole now with a vengeance,

He shalbe a Doctour the next yere.

Wrath.

To schoole, ha, ha, ha, as angrie as I am,

I must laugh to here of Moros such newes

Idlenesse.

I speake with him as hither I cam,

And willed him their schooling to refuse.

Incontinence.

They kepe him there still by violence,

But I know that with vs is his harte;

Wrath.

When they bringe Moros unto hapience,

Then

The longer thou liuest the more sole thou art.

Idlenesse. Then of my sworde I will make a Carte.

I suppose that he will not be longe hence,
If by any meanes he may escape.

Incontin. I dare wage with any man fortie pence,
To make him shrotly as wise as an Ape.

Wrath. That wager with thee durst I lay,
To make him so wise thou art not able,
For he is as verie a foole I dare say,
And as starke an Idiot as ever bare bable.

Idlenesse. Yea but he shalbe a moze foole yet,
When all wee three be unto him annexed ;
For the trueth is he hath now some wit,
But then all his wittes shalbe perplesed,
With me he is very well aquainted,
For all his bringing vp hath been with me,
So that any vertue he coulde neuer se :
Therefo, e pastime he calleth me alway,
In plates and games he hath no measure,
Incontinencie to him thou must say,
That thy name is called pleasure.

Incontinen. I am called so with them that be wise,
Wrath is wonte to be called manhode.
In good faith little needeth this devise,
To be called by our names is as good :
Doth he know what Idlenesse doth meane,
Knoweth he incontinencie to be leacherie,
He discerneth not cleane from uncleane,
His minde is all set on foolerie.

Idlenesse. Se, se, woulde you judge him a foole,
So sadly as he readeth on his booke.

Inconti. By like he contech now from schoole,
On his lesson earnestly he doth looke.

Wrath. Haue you seene a moze foolish face,
I must laught to se how he doth looke.

Idlenesse. Holde your peace a litle space,
And heare him reade upon his booke.

Laugh a. Here entred Moros looking upon a booke,
Three at his reading. and often times looke behinde him, reade
as fondely as you can devise.

A nevv Commedie,called

Moros. Woddy of God laugh you me to scorne,
I will tell Maister Diricke Quintine,
By these tenne bones I will, I haue sworne,
And he shall teache you to make tile pinne,
Take heede of arse out of fashon,
I advise you come not in his clawes,
I will tell them by Godes Passion,
How you iudge them fooles and dawes,
I would you were with pynenuttre,
He would make you a litle laddere,
You shall go vp to the gallow tree,
And come downe without a laddere,
Wrath. You are well learned if doth appeare,
Can you any Lattin to vs speake.
Moros. I can sing Custodis in the queere,
And a verse of course finely boake.
Incontinence. Kedde you Lattin, or Greeke, in your booke,
What was it I pray you let vs knowe.
Moros. Here you may see if you will looke,
It was the cuckoles crosse rowe.
Idlenesse. That crosse rowe let vs here I pray the,
And a point for thy labour thou shalt haue.
Moros. I am but a learner you may see,
I can no further then is for a knave.
Idlenesse. Godes sanc y passime my playfellow,
For Godes sake kepe me from Diricke Quintine.
Incontinence. If my councell thou wilt folowe,
I will kepe the from him and from his doctfaine,
He speaketh of one Diricke Quintine,
Pinenuttre and arse out of fashon,
Doth he not meane old Discypline,
Pistic and Exercitation,
Idlenesse. Pespardie, but so to speake he can not,
Tell him one thing twenty times,
And he will forget it by and by God wot,
Yet can he sing songes and make rymes.
Wrath. What neede we to chaung our names for him,
For he discerneth not chalke from chalke,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

He careth not who doth sincke or swimme,
So that in his owne wayes he may walke.

Moros. Shall I speake with you pastime in your eate,
A word or two I would tell you of my mind,
Mast pastime this same grimman I do feare,
Trowe you that he will be my friend.

Idlenesse. I warrant the all we be thy friendes here,
We come to ridde the out of thy soes bandes.

Incontinence. Feare none of vs but be thou of god chere,
Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes.

Moros. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes,
Tak them. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes,
by the hand. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes.

Wrath. Gramercy Moros how do you.

Idlenesse. You are welcome Master manhode say,

Moros. You are welcome Master Robinhode say,

Idlenesse. You shal' cough me a sole I make God anowe,

Moros. You shall cough me a sole I make God anowe,

Incontinence. I can laugh well at him by this day,

Moros. I can laugh well at him by this day.

Idlenesse. Come to me Moros what dost thou with this booke,

Moros. Thou canst not reade vpon it I am sure.

Wrath. Vynctuttre toke it me thereon to loke,

There are godly saintes in it sayre and pure.

Moros. Alas one wozde to reade in it he is not able,

More fooles then he to geue him a booke,

A foole will delight more in a bable,

And more mete for him theron to loke.

Idlenesse. I take what a booke I haue for thoe here,

Hauie a pater of cardis Cast away that booke it is worse then nought.

redy. This booke will make the of a lusty chere,

Incontinence. If thou wilt beare it alway in thy thought.

Moros. Goddes dayes it is a godly booke in dede,

Sanly ame here are saintes a great soyl,

This booke passeth Christes Crosse me spede,

Ha,ha,ha,to he,ha,ha,ha,here is goodly sport,

But let not Diricke Quintine this booke se,

He did sett me a lesson to can.

None

A nevv Commedie, called

Wrath.

None of them all shall meddle with thee,

Wee are come to make thee a man.

Idlenesse.

Make curtse, and say I thanke you manhoode.

Moros.

Make curtse, and say I thanke you Robin hoode,

Make curtse
te backward

Goddes se here is a goodly gentlewoman,

Here are speckes, some blacke, some redde as bloud,

Teache me this booke I pray you perfily to can.

Idlenesse.

If I wist that thou wouldest be pretie and wise,
I would geue thee other thinges therwith to play,
Heelest thou these bones : these are a payze of Dice,
I will teache thee to occupie them one day.

Moros.

You taught me first to play at blow pointe,
At spanne counter, coyting, and mosell the pegge,
At shayles, and the playing with a sheepes ioynte,
And to hop a good way on my one legge :
How long was I learning of these playes,
I am apt inough such good thinges to take,
Do you no more but shew me the wayes,
And if I learne not let me lose the stake.

Idlenesse.

Looke what I haue done for thee besyde,
Here haue I gotten thee companie,
Whethir so euer thou wilst go or ride,
To defende thee from all villanie :
Lo, this gentleman is called pleasure,
He will teache thee to handle a wenche,
Meanes I will teache thee to get treasure,
For such thinges wee will make a Trenche.

Moros.

Sir is your name called play sare,

You are welcome, I thanke you hartly.

Laconian.

Lush loole my name is called pleasure,
That is likinge, and lust bodily,
Foole lone alway such daltance,
To kisse, to clip, and in bed to play,
Oh, with lustle girlies to singe and daunce,
To haue a more pleasant life no man may.

Moros.

O I meane what you know now,

Master Pastime heark againe in your eare.

Idlenesse.

Lush, lush, I warrant thee, care not thou,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I will prouide for all such gear,
Lo, this is manhoode to make thee holde,
Let there be but a worde and a blow.

Moros. I woulde looke bigge like a man, that I woulde
If my bearde woulde a litle more grow.

Wrath. Suffer no man with thee to reason,
For fooles can no wise answer make,
Therefore geue a blow alway in season,
Wasse not thou how they do it take,
Like a man euer face out the mater,
Sticke not bloud, harte, and woundes to sware,
But suffer no man with thee to clatter,
Anon let him haue a blow on the eare:
Beholde here I geue thee a good sworde
And a dagger thy selfe to defende,
Draw thy dagger at every worde,
And say that thy bloud thou wylt spende.

Moros. Holde (p he) I pray you kæpe my booke,
These weapens haue set me on a fier:
Florish with your sworde. Now say you, like a man do I not looke,
To be fighting now is all my desire,
No remedie with one of you I must fight,
Fende your heads, you fooles, knaues, and dawes.

Idlenesse. He sheweth the nature of a foole right,
Which is to chide and fight without a cause.

Incontinen. It is a prouerbe wise and auncient,
Beware how you geue any edge toole,
Unto mad men that be insipient,
Unto a yonge childe, and vnto a foole.

Wrath. He fighteth till he is out of bycath,
Inough now Moros it is well doone.

Moros. By the Wasse I will fight my selfe to death,
I pray you let not me leaue so soone.

Incontin. Sir, who am I, will you remember,
What did Pastime tell you in your eare.

Moros. A pretie morsell, yonge and tender,
Now woulde to God I weare there.

Idlenesse. Thou must weare thy sworde by thy side,

D.

End

A nevv Commedie, ealled

And thy daggar handsumly at thy backe,
Before thou fightest thou most vse to chide,
Marke what I say and learne of me that knacke:
First this order with thee we will take,
We will teache thee to play at cardes and dice,
Aquented with Nell and Nan we will thee make,
And to appere, a man both myghtie and wise,
We will desire pleasure to take Payne,
To prouide vs an hansom hospitall,
Wherre secretly we may together remayne,
Till we haue synished our deuises all.

Incontinence. Hearke is it best that there we mete,
At that house such as we vse to banquette.

Moros. Nay I pray you let vs haue one sheete,
For I can not well lyce in a blankette.

Idlenesse. Eshe sole we speake of banquetting,
We meane to eate, drinke, and make god therre,
With Pegge and Besse to be ruffeling,
Wherre as no pleasure shall be to denc.

Wrath. There are beddes, blanquets, and sheetes god stoe,
And the house of a gyrtle never emptie,
You shalbe sure of one or other euermore,
Sometime you may haue your choys of twenty.

Incontinence. You meane the thacked house by the water stoe,
Which is whitlynted aboue in the loose.

Idlenesse. Pea pardee there thou shalt for vs prouide,
An house it is for the nones if it come ta the pwofe.

Incontinence. I go hence tarry you not after long,
For I will bidde myne hostesse make hast.

Moros. Besore you go let vs haue a song,
I can retche vp to sing sol fa and past.

Idlenesse. Thou hast songes god stoe sing one,
And we thre the fote will beare.

Moros. Let me stody it will come anone,
Pepe la,la,la,it is to hye there,
Ho,ho,ho, and that is to lowe,
Holl,holl,fa,fa, and that is to flatte,
Re,re,re,by and by you shall knowe,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Idlenes. Wy, my, my, how saye you to that.
Care not for the true but what is thy song,
No remedie thou must first beginne.

Incontinence. I will be gone if you tarry long,
Whan we knowe how we shall come in.

Moros. ¶ I haue a pretty tytmouse,
Come picking on my to,

All. iiii. the same. ¶ Gessuppe with you I purpose,
To drinke before I go.

Moros. ¶ Little pretty nightingale,
Among the braunches greene,

All. v. the same. ¶ Ccue vs of your Christmaseale,
In the honour of saint Steuen.

Moros. ¶ Robyn readbeth with his noates,
Singing a loste in the quere,

All. viii. the same. ¶ Marneth to get you frese coates,
For winter then draweth nere.

Moros. ¶ Wy brigie lieth on the shelfe,
If you will haue any more,
Touchsafe to sing it your selfe,
For here you haue all my stroare.

Go out In-
continencie. A song much like thauhour of the same,
It hangeth together like fethers in the winde.

Wrath. This song learned I of my dame,
Whan she taught me mustardede to grinde,
Goddes daies is playasure gone awaie,
I would haue spoken with him or euer he had
I am sorry for that by this day, (gone,
He shold haue borne me a token to Jone.

Idlenesse. Thou shalt beare. iiiii. quarters of a sole,
Perdy Jone will that best regard.

Moros. Shall we go leape ouer the stole,
Or play for the hole about the Churcheyard,
I must be doing of somewhat alway,
Wy weapon ones againe I must handle,
How my dagger will cut now I will assay,
Beware how with me they wandle,
Fend your heades, how like you this florish,

A nevv Commedie called

Day I can fetch him ouer my head,
This fetche amonge such as be foolish,
I may tell you, will stande sometime in stade.
Wrath. This felon figheth very soze alone,
God haue mercy on his soule he will kill,
This furie will away anon,
Namely when he is acquented with gill.

Idlenesse. Keepe thy fighting till discipline doth come,
Then let me se how thou wilt play the man.

Moros. Body of God stande away make roume,
I will surely hit him if I can,
That my sworde were a mile longe,
I would kill him then where as he dwelleth,
We thinke I am wazen very stronge,
Se I pray you how my hart swellet.

Here entred Discipline. The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art,
A foole in childehood, a foole in vviolencie,
In mans state thou wilt play a fooles parte,
And as a foole die with shame and infamie,
Beate a foole in a morter saith the wise man,
And thou shalt not make him leue his folly;

Let Moros. I haue doone all that euer I can,
And I se it profiteth not truly.
Moros. Haue me I pray you Waster Robin hoode,
This is Diricke Quintine my maister,
He will figh as he were wood,
For me he hath brought yonder waster,
I know Diricke Quintines intente,
He will bringe me to Arse out of fashon,
There in worke and labour I shall be pent,
And I had leuer die by Gods passion.

Wrath. Why horesun take thy sworde in thy hande,
And at the gaynest vpon him lay.

Idlenesse. Go to him like a man by thee I will stande,
Not so hardie in his head one worde say.

Moros. Hira, speake you I pray you Robin hoode,
Take you my sworde and drue him hence.

Wrath. What horesun I tell thee my name is manhood,
I haue

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Discipline.

I had leuer haue spente forfie pence.
Animi vilis timor Argumentum est,
Fear of a vile minde is an argument,
Conscience accuseth the foolish beast,
That he hath forsaken wholsome document.

Moros.

I shall haue a bearde I trow one day,
Then shall I be a man stonge and bolde,
If my bearde were growne to you I may say,
I woulde pay him home, by God that I woulde,

Wrath.

Take thy sworde in thyne hande and say,
I desie thee I olde rustie peasant.

Moros.

Take thy sworde in thine hande and say,
I desie thee, I olde thurstie wesant.

Wrath.

A booyde, frudge, and get thee away,
Or by his hart I will cut thy wesant.

Moros.

A cloyde grudge but not denay,
Or by his carte I will plucke a fesant.
Whyn it is true that of thee he sayde,
The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Idlenesse.

Bodie of God of him I am so afraide,
That at every worde I am like to farte.

Wrath.

The foole as yet is yonge and nesh,
And the feare of Disciplin is in his minde,
After that he is noseled in womans flesh,
The knaute he will play in his kinde.

Idlenesse.

It is euen so, a boy is never bolde,
Till he hath companied with an hooze,
Then doth he picke quarels, chide and scolde,
After that he despiseth both riche and poore,
Cum pleasure hath all shinges prouided,
Let vs no longer tarie here.

He will thinke that wee haue him derided,
Go wae, let vs see his prouision and ther.

Moros.

I wilbe sure to be gone first,
I am out of your handes Diricke Quintine,
Now do thou thy best and thy worst,
I desie both thee and all thy Doctrine. Go out alii.

Discipline.

Marke the trade of much youth at this day,

A nevv Commedie, called

He if this sole painfeth not out theyz image,
Them they despise that eyther do or say,
Any thing at all to restraine there dotage,
The sole and boy sayth the Prophet Esay,
Shall presume against his ruler auncient,
Young soles do this saying verifie,
To wise men it is ouer evident,
Whan soles are suffred in folly,
And youth maintained in theyz will,
Whan they conic vp to mans state wholy,
Foles they be and so they continue still:
One witteth thus among many thinges,
Neuer shall you have god men and sapient,
Whare there be no god children and yonglenges,
Which thing is most true in my iudgement:
Two thinges destroye youth at this day,
Indulgentia parentum, the sondnes of parents,
Which will not coorrect there noughty way,
But rather enbolden them in there entents,
Idlenesse alas Idlenesse is an other,
Who so passeth through England,
To se the youth he would wonder,
How Idle they be and how they stand,
A Christian mans hart it woudl pittie,
To behold the euill bringing vp of youth,
God preserue London that noble Cittie,
Whare they haue taken a godly ordre for a truch,
God geue them the mindes the same to maintaine,
For in the world is not a better ordre,
If it may be Gods fauour still to remaine,
Many god men will be in that bordre. Go out.

Fortune.

No Gods mercy, no reverence, no honour,
No cappe of, no kake bowed, no homage,
Who am I: is there no more god manner,
I trowe, you know not me, nor my lignage,
I tell you I rule and governe all,
I aduaunce and I plucke downe againe,
Of him that of byrth is poore and small,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

As a noble man I can make to rayne,
I am she that may do all thinges,
In Heaven or earth who is like to me,
I make captiues of Lordes and Kinges,
Of captiues or fooles I make Kinges to be,
So curtesy yet for all this power,
I tell you learned men call me a goddesse,
A beggar I make ritche in an hower,
To such as I loue, I geue god successe,
Who in this world can me withstand,
Who can say yea, where I say nay,
I charinge all in the turning of a hand,
What so euer I will do it I may,
Haue I done nothing for any here,
Haue I not one louer nor friende,
None to welcome me with a mery chere,
Now by my trouth you be vnkinde,
Well I may chaunce some to displease,
I purpose to dally and play a feate,
Which shall turne some to small ease,
A popish foole will I place in a wisemens seat,
By that you shall learene I trowe,
To do your dutie to a lady so bye,
He shall teach you fortune to knowe,
And to honour hym till you die.

Incontinen. It is a wold to see the fooles greedines,
I haue nuseled him incarnallitie,
A man would marueell to see his redines,
Unto all fleshly sensualitie,
And these harlots are not to learene,
How to dally with a simple foole,
They may leade him with a thred of yearne,
Into the middest of a whyzle poole,
He prayed me hether to decline,
And looke diligentlie about,
He is afrayd of discipline,
And of exercitation no doubt,
Neyther of them both can I see,

I will

A new Commedie, called

I will returne and beare him worde,
A glad man then will Moros be
For them he feareth more then the sword.

Sembla go.
yng out.

Fortune.

Whether now syra are you blinde,
Am I so little a moate that you rannot see,
I will plucke downe your hie minde,
And cause you I trow to know me.

Incont.

I crye you mercie ladie most excellent,
Without doubt I did not your honour beholde,
O Empresse, O Goddesse omnipotent,
I render you prayses manifolde.

Fortune.

Well at this time I holde you excused,
Glad to see you do your dutie so well,
If all other had them selues so vsed,
It had been better for them, to you I may tell,
I trow your name is incontinencie,
One of the properties of Moros

Incontinence.

I see him geuen to insolencie,
And I further him in that purpose,
Lecherie is to fooles counaturall,
Wise men thereof are euer ware,
For they see that such vses bestiall,
Bringe men to insamie, shame and care.

Fortune.

How vile so euer he be in condition,
How foolish so euer and insipient,
How full of pride so euer and ambition:
How lecherous so euer and incontinent,
It is notwithstanding our pleasure,
To exalt him in honour and richesse,
We will geue him laude, wealth, and treasure,
And in all thinges therewith good successe:
He loueth women I will give him plentie,
He loueth gay rayment, meates and drinke fine,
Of rayment he shall haue shifte s twentie,
Shoze of Tlenison, wilde soole, b²reade and wine,
Moros shall lacke nothing for a season,
They shall see that Fortune can eralte fooles,
Who shall rurther men of wit and reason,

And

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

And make them glad to learne theyz scholes,
Seing that the vulgares will me not prayse,
For exalting god men and sapient,
I will gette me a name an other wayes,
That is by erecting fooles insipient.

Incontinence. Pleaseth it you to geue me licence.
A fewe verses of a Poete to recite.

Fortune. I will gladly here the Poetes sentence,
Wher as against me he doth not writte.

Incontinence. Sed redeo ad stultos, quos quando extollit & alto,
Collocat in soleo, cupiens fortuna iocari,
O quod stultiis tunc omnia plena videbis.

I come now to speake of fooles againe,
With whom when it pleaseth Fortune to play,
She extolleth and maketh to rayne,
Ye and to them wise men to obey,
O than wch how many follies shalt thou se,
All thinges filled and replenished,
Whch to rehearse long it would be,
Yet of the Poete they be published,
Dishonestie, mightie, triumpheth than,
Virtusque mouet contempta Cachinnum.

Vertue is mocked of every man,
Then of hoores and harlots there is no small som,
Nothing but eating, drinking, and play,
Only voluptuousnes foolish and filthy,
Encreaseth more and more day by day,
And hath the rule in Realme and Citie.

Fortune. And as the Poete writeth so shall it be,
With Moros we will take such an order,
That all thinges which for his pleasure he shall se,
So let him commaund in every border,
You know where Moros we shall finde,
We commaund you to lead vs to the place,
And forasmuch as you occupie his minde,
So teach him to know our Noble grace,
For before that he doth againe appeare,
An other manner of person we will him make,

A nevv Commedie, called

Pea, and we will cause all persons farre and neare,
As a wothie Gentleman him to take,

Incontinencie. If it will please your grace to walke,
I will bringe you where as Moros is.

Fortune. Cum wayt upon me, by the way we will talke,
Thou shalt se wonders after this. Go out both.

Pietie. I am come bither now to complayne,
Not only to see this foole thus to miscarie,
Whiche vertuous Discipline doth disdayne,
And to honestie is contrarie,
But also of a great multitude,
Whiche despise God and his Councell,
As though there were no beatitude,
No tormentes for sinne with Deuilles in Hell,
I can say no more of Pietie,
Then I haue said a litle before,
Whiche is to serue Gods Maiestie,
The same to loue, to feare, to honour,
But now alas what manners, what heauy times,
Pietie is utterly extinguished,
What contempt is there, what crimes,
More mischiefe then can be published,
And as Gods Maiestie is despised,
So the loue among men doth abate,
Neuer was there greater hatred devised,
Then is among men of euery estate,
What falshood, what descent and guile,
What subtleties are of men invented,
Who doth not his body with sinne defile,
Who is with his dwone state contented,
I haue redde of many woldes and seadons,
Of so sinfull a wold did I neuer read,
About mischiefe men occupie their reasons,
None other thing now a dates is in their head,
Yet God hath sumt good people I darre say,
Whiche pray devoutlie fast and abstaine,
And call upon him night and day,
The wickednes of our times to restraine,

And

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

And I doubt not for his owne name sake,
He will subuert the workes of sinne,
Whiche he graunt shortly to take,
And that vertue the victorie may winne.

Wrath.

Ha,ha,ha, I must laugh to see Fortunes daliance,
Lord how she hath this foole enhaunced,
The spoerte is to see his countenance,
This wealth hath to him straungly chaunced,
But they say that fooles are fortunable,
It appeareth to be the trew now indæde,
Fortune hath made a foole honoorable,
And like moze in honour to procede,
Now am I sent Officers to seke,
Impietie, Crueltie, and Ignorance.
I must trudge about all this weke,
Not a litle vnto my hinderance.

Pietie.

Such a Master, such seruaunts in dæde,
O what a plague is it euermore,
When vertuous men haue euell spæde,
And fooles haue easse, wealth and honour,
Haue we not had manifell probation,
Haue not men of God beene put to silence,
And such fooles in whom was no god disputation,
But altogether with Crueltie gaue they sentence.

Wrath.

Thou art one of them for whom I seke,
Not for thy honour, but for thy decay,
I haue commaundement to choppe thee as alecke,
If thou wilt not get the away,
Wherfore be ruled by my Councell,
Cum no more into Heros Companie,
For both with shame he will expell,
And put thee also to vilanie.

Pietie.

Better it is to meeete a she Beare,
When she is robbed of her whelpes,
Then with a foole that rule doth beare,
For nother reason nor learning will be his helpe.

Wrath.

No moe wordes but get the away at once,
I am Wrath sone kindled and set on fire,

C.ii. Speake

A nevv Commedie, called

Speake one worde and I will breake thy bones,
And tread the downe here in the myre,
Pea, I advise thee, loe what wrath can do,
To wrath place to geue he is glad,
To fooles many are glad to leane to,
For feare of theyz rage when they are made,
Ponder cometh one that I seeke for,
I am deceipted, if it be not the same,
As he were blinde about he doth paze,
Ignorance I suppose is his name.

Ignorance. Is therre any body here in this place,
I am sent for in all the hast I weene,
I am commaunded to come away apace,
They will maruell where so long I haue beene,

Wrath. Whether shold you go I pray you frend,
And who is it that for you did send.

Ignorance. Lady Fortune did tell me her minde,
And to speake with Mozos I do intend.

Wrath. To tarry here if you will take the paine,
Mozos will come hether anone;
Wher impietie is I would know fayne,
And wher I shold speake with him alone.

Ignorance. Crudelitie, Impietie, and I,
Were coming all thre together,
I thinke verily that they are passed by,
And gone euen the right way thether.

Wrath. What are theyz names when they come there,
What do you call Impietie.

Ignorance. Philosophie his name his euery where,
Crudelitie, Prudencē, and I Antiquitie.

Wrath. Very well I am glad of this in dede,
By reason hereof my Iornie is at an ende,
I purpose no further to proceede,
To returne againe I do intende,
I will cause Mozos to make hast,
Antiquitie tarrieth for you, I will say.

Ignorance. Pea and though the time be somwhat past, Go out.
Tell him that I did not well know the way, Wrath.
Ignorance

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Ignorance. Ignorance yea Ignorance is my name,
A meete mate with fooles to dwell,
A qualitie of an auncient fame,
And yet dwolne I many one in hell,
The Papistes which the truth do know,
Lord how I have nuseled them in my science.
I haue so taught them, that how so euer the wind blow,
They shall still encline to my sentence,
So that though they haue knowledge and cunning,
They are but Ignoraunt and fooles,
After every Heresie and Poperie, they are running,
And delight daily to learne at newe scholes,
Also many that do them selues abuse,
Some in that Iniquitie and some in this,
By Ignorance they do them selues excuse,
As though they knowe not that they did amisse,
Wher they conscience beare them record,
That they acts are wicked and euill,
Therefore when they shall come before the Lord,
He shall condemne them with Satan the Devil.

Moros. A Hy, my beard is well growne,
Ente Gayly I thought that I should be a man ones,
disguised Yea a Gentleman, and so will I be knowne,
and with a A man of honour both body and bones,
foolish How say you my Councillours tell me,
beard. Haue I not a Gentlemans countenance.

Impietie. A better face truly I did never se,
Nor a better legge in my remembraunce.

Crueltie. If you had not bene comly and wise,
Fortune would not haue so fauored you:
You muste appeare to be straunge and nyse,
That will cause men humbly to bowe.

Ignorance. Goddes deintye, is this Master Moros.
A propre Gentleman by saint Anne,
To dwell with your maship I purpose,
And to do you the best seruice that I can.

Impietie. This is an other of your Councill,
Whose name is called Antiquitie:

A nevv Commedie , called

His wordes are trewer then the G ospell,
A person full of truth and fidelitie.

Moros. You are welcome gentle sanguinitie,
A Syr: is sanguinitie your name.

Crudelitie. He is called auncient antiquitie,
A person of god stocke and great fame.

Moros. Welcome againe then gentle tandiditie,
And you are welcome all three indree.
Wild lousy boy Fippence and tandiditie,
How do you welcome all god speede.

Impietie. For soth I am called Philosophie,
Prudence is this mans name doubtlesse;
Antiquitie he is called verilie,
As here after we shall more plainly expresse.

Moros. Wild lousy boy Fippence and tandiditie,
You are welcome, you come to wayte one me.

Ignoranc. Yea and to serue you with all humilitie,
And to fulfill your requestes redy to be.

Impietie. Fortune appointed me to be gouernour,
Of your owne person you to directe:
And to conuince euery baine troubler,
Which shall presume your minde to infecte.

Crudelitie. And me she appointed them to coorrect,
Which shold do ought against your minde,
Yea and your profites and rents to collect,
And to seke narowly where we may them finde.

Ignorance. I am ordeined alway to give you warning,
Of exercitation in any science:
Lesse you hurt your wittes with learning,
And dull your understanding and science.

Moros. Shall I tell you there was one pynuttre,
Who a while had me in his handling,
He was vp with God and holy diuintre,
But I was lone wary of his wandling,
And that curst hooreson Diricke Quintine,
Would beate me shrewdly by Gods Passion,
He went about me to famish and pine;
Through one arse out of fashion.

I Hall

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I shall desire you pild lousy boy,
And you Fippence and fandisie,
Them to bannish and vtterly destroye,
For I feare their crudelitie.

Impietie.

Feare: and you a man of nobilitie,
Remember that you are come to manhood.

Crudelitic.

Hath not Fortune set you in authozitie,
With your owne hand let their hart blode.

Moros.

Body of God giue me my sworde,
Hart, woundes, I will kill them by and by.
Armes and sides I haue spoken the worde,
His bloud and bones they shall die,
Am I in authozitie do you say,
May I hang, burne, head and kill,
Let them be sure I will do what I may,
I will be knowne in authozitie that I will.

Impietie.

Pietie, Discipline, and Exercitation,
Meane you not them I pray you.

Moros.

They indeede haue put me to tribulation,
But I trow I will trouble them againe now.
Body of God am I in authozitie,
I will burne them, hang them, & boyle them,
As many as once professe pietie,
If I may know it I will turmoyle them.

Impietie.

Of God indeede many of them talke,
And of the soule, and of Heauen and Hell,
But from you as fowles let them walke,
They speake of a thing wherof they can not tell,
I am named Philosophie,
The knowledge of all thinges I do containe,
In me is Astronomie and Astrologie,
The truth of all thinges in me do remaine,
I can teach you Heauen to know,
Whiche they call a Sphericall figure,
More perfit than any other hye or lowe,
Eternall for sooth in his owne nature,
Also how that the world was made,
In the middest of the sayd Heauen.

A nevv Commedie , called

How v. sonnes deuide it in theyz trade,
Of the Sicles and Epicicles seuen,
Of moving and quiet I can teache,
Of matter and forme I can tell goodly geare,
Such as go vp into pulpettes and preache,
Especially these newe felowes, to them geue no eare,
Say then, wheras you haue authoritie,
Suffer them not in any wise to dwell,
Be bold to punish them with auferitie,
For it is but all Heresie that they do tell,
Goodly doctrines I can teach you of nature,
And how it bringeth forþ nothing persightly,
Without Art this is a doctrine sure,
Also how the same worketh secretly,
How such as of God to you will talke,
Of Heauen, Hell, or of the soule,
From your presence bid them walke,
Yea though they alledge Christ and Poule,
Concerning those thinges I am appointed,
To bring you into the veritie,
Endeuor your selfe to be acquainted,
With your Noble Counceller Antiquitie
From time to time euermore still,
He shall in your compaines remaine,
Prudence shall get in, poll and pill,
For euermore seeke for your gayne.

Morus. You are a cunning person I see that,
Would to God you had a better name,
Wild lousy boy, sye that is to flatte,
And to call you Fippence it is a shame.

Ignorance. His name I tell you is Philosophic,
In whom is contained all science,
Antiquitie is my name verilye,
And this person is called Prudence.

Morus. Gods blessinge on your harts all
I shall remember your names I frowe:
My seruants by theyz names I will call,
If my beard a little longer woulde growe,

I doubt

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I doubt not but as you grow in age,
So you will increase in sapience:
You shall neuer want a witty page,
To sharpen your intelligence.

Ignorance. With all your affaires let vs alone,
Geue you your minde to pleasure,
Eate, drinke, dally and play with Jone,
We will maintaine your state with treasure,
Sum will moue you to reade Scripture,
Sum would haue you seen in Stories,
Sum to feates of armes will you allure,
All these are but plaine vaine glories,
Mary I woud haue you seene in cardes and dice,
As you shalbe I trow with in a while,
We trust to make you in them so wise,
That none shalbe able you to begile.

Crooke. You must set your selfe forth with the best,
You must learne to haue a diuerte countenance,
Frowning when a thing you shall detest,
Pleasant when ought is for your furtherance,
So, so, that is well when you are angrie,
Metely well to when you are pleased,
A smiling countenance you must carie,
Wher your conceit is in all thinges eased.

Impietie. By my trouth wot you like whom he doth looke,

He is as like a cosin of mine as euer I did see.

Cruelie. That he is like him in face you may swaere on a booke
And also his condicions with his, do well a gre,
As touching all godlines a sole he was,
But in filthy demeanour who was worse,
Out of doubt in sinne he did so creell and passe,
That the whole countrie for him God did curse.

Ignorance. Leauie I pray you syrs what needeth this clatter,
You talke sir me thinke you wot not what;

I pray you go forward with our matter,

If you know any wares for our masters profit speake

Cruelie. To prouide thinges to come by policie, (that.
I will wozke vnder such a pretence,

F

That

A newv Commedie , called

That all thinges shall appeare honestlie,
And for that cause am I named Prudence,
Againe in prouiding your necessaries,
I will in such a sort canuaſ the lawe,
That ſuch as be your aduersaries,
Shalbe brougħt to Crum and awe.

Mores.

I who hath ſuch ſervants as I haue,
So learned, ſo wiſe, in Hall and in Schoole,
Among them all, there is not one knaue,
So that it ſkillett not though I be a ſole:
Would to God I had my ſervaunts together,
Pastime, Pleaſure, and Robinhods,
I pray you take paine to call them herber,
To haue them waſt, as it ſhould do me god.

Impietie.

You know the naemes of all your ſervaunts,
It may please you them here to recite,
Wee muſt alſo know the naemes of your tenuaunts,
That in your bookeſ of accomptes we may them write.

Mores.

Wild lousy boy you are the beſt,
None of them better then you none ſo god,
Fippence and Landiditie be neſte,
Pastime, Pleaſure, and Robinhode,
Here be ſix honest persons indede,
By ſaint Walkin it is an honest traine,
You ſhall haue all one livery and waſe,
For you all intend my profit and gaine.

Creditie.

To the draper I will go and bye cloth,
And aray all your ſervaunts in a livery:
To wait on you otherwife I would be loth,
That wil be Gentlemanlike verily.

Impietie.

The great affaires I do conſider,
That Prudence in other thinges muſt haue,
It is beſt therfore that we go together,
So ſhall we be ſure money to ſaue,
And here we leaue auncient Antiquitie,
A perſon that no bad Councell will geue,
He is prudent and full of sagacitie,
His councell ſe that you do beleue.

I haue

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros.

I haue seruaunts that finely can sing,
Let me here I pray you, what you can do,
Singing and playing I loue aboue all thing,
Let me here you, I pray you, go to.

Ignorance.

I am old and my voice is rustie,
Yet I will sing to do you pleasure.

Moros.

We will haue drinke if you be thurstie,
For I loue to drinke without measure.

Ignorance.

You must beginne for I can no kill,
Yet I will iumble on as well as I can,

Cruelcie.

We are indifferent, sing what ye will,
We were brought vp with a singing man.

Impietie.

We take our leave of you for this season,
In time we shall wayte on you againe.

Sing some
merry song.

To haue a time it standeth with reason,
In order to set among your traine.

Moros.

In my house you will appoint me Officers,
Such as shall bring in to make frolicke there,
But those that of Discipline and Pietie are folowers,
I would haue rooted out both farre and nere,
Fare ye well: as soone as you can returne,
For I can do nothing without your councell.

Impietie.

He that speakest one word against you, we wil burne
Hang or heade him like a rebell. Ga out both.

Moros.

Bea mary Hyz this doth me good at the hart,
Fare ye well, worthy to serue a Gentleman.

Ignorance.

I tell you they were not brought vp at the Cart,
Full worshipfully their curtesy they can:
How Hyz, tell me how seele you your stomacke,
Are you disposed to play, eate, or drinke,
Tell me if there be any thing that you lacke,
Denise what ye wil, and in minde do ye thinke,
You shall haue it what so ever it doth cost,
We will neither passe of wind nor wether.

Moros.

By my trouth the thing that I desire most,
Is in my cappe to haue a goodly feather.

Ignorance.

A feather: a matter of great importaunce,
You shal haue a feather if it cost a pounde

F. H.

Looke

A very Commedie, called

Looke vp lustelie vse a gentlemans countenance,
And a feather I trave for you shall be found.

Moros.

A feather would make me looke a loff,

Hanc you one: what a redde one?

Now I thanke you, it is goodly stoft,
This will make me a Gentleman alone,

Take it fast I pray you in my cappe,

Now by my honour I thanke you hartelie,

This will beare away a good rappe,

As good as a sallet for me verilie,

I looke vpward now alwaie still,

Goddes daies my feather I can not see,

Of this Feather I can no skill,

Welchew thy hart, I haue hurt my knē.

Looke vp:
ward to see
the feather.
Stumble
and fall.

Like the Philosopher that looked so hie,

So long that he fell into the myze,

Also an other that gased so into the skie,

Will he fel grouelinges in the fire,

For a gentleman to looke hie it is meete,

But in all thinges there is a meane,

It becommeth you to take heede to your sete,

Else you make your garments soule and yncleane.

Moros.

A vengeaunce take this foolish feather,

While it is there I can not looke downe,

Ignorance.

Fie, fie, you should haue said so rather,

Looke here how vnseemelie, you weare your geare,

Ha, ha, it hangeth all on the one side,

And your sword is betwene your legges,

Wise men will you mocke and deride,

And not set by you a couple of egges,

Let me helpe you to set your gowne right,

On this fassion your sword you must weare,

A lacke, a lacke, if I had a good sight,

I woulde trim you in your geare.

Moros.

Must I not looke ouer my shoulder sometime,

I haue seene some that thus would iette.

Ignorance.

To be equall with the best do you cline,

Remember

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Peer enteth
Discipline.

Remember still that in honor you are set,
The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.
Every day more foole then other,
Thou wilst play such a foole part,
As shall shame countrey, father and mother,
Good audience, note this foole's proceeding,
In tendre age, in Idlenes he was nuseled,
Inadolencie when Pubes was springing,
Touching vertue, as a dogge that is muscled,
Yll willing to learne and therfore vnapt,
All his senses he applied to vice,
Anone with such companions he was vnapt,
As no yong man will be that is wise,
Neuer could I bring him to Pietie,
That is God to serue, to loue, to feare,
Neither to do ought for his owne utiltie,
Neither ruerence in his hart to beare,
But as soleall are vnpatient,
So was he geuen to hastnes and yre,
In lecherie as soleall are all incontinent,
Through Idlenes he was set on fire,
When to mans state ones he attained,
Worldly Fortune, in wealth erect,
God and good Counsell he disdained,
Being then with all miserie infecte,
Now is he come vnto plaine Impietie,
Whiche perswadeh him God to denie,
And with him is toynd Crudelitie,
Against the innocents to replie,
Behold here he is ledde with Ignorance,
So that he will not beletie the veritie,
Beside these he hath other mainteinance,
To upholde him in his iniquitie,
Of such the Prophete did Propheticie,
The sole saith in his hart there is no god,
Corrupt are they and full of villanie,
Wherfore shall they be beate with an yron rodde.
Can you tell of whom this tale they haue told,

A nevv Commedie, called

Ignorance. I am a man he knoweth me not now.
Tush, face him out, feare not be bold,
For all this talke he hath of you.

Moros. Spyre, shall I drawe my sword or daggar,
It is not best to kill him out of hand.

Ignorance. Tush you are but a craking bragger,
I would se you boldly him to withstand.

Moros. WOULD to God that pild lousy boy were here,
God Lord what meaneth my man Robinhode.

Ignorance. Are you afraide for very shame draw nere,
I would let out sum of his lawisie blood.

Moros. God man you, know you who I am,
My beard is growne I am a man now,
You shall repent that hether you came,
I will kill you I make God awow,
A vengeaunce on it, my daggar will not out,
Syr I pray you holw my hand deth quake,
Rayle on me e you beggarly loue,
You and I afraide will make,
Am I not a Gentleman knaue,
Body of God will you presume,
Truly I andiditie no power I haue,
So great is my angre and fume.

Discipline. A sole vtereth his angre in balt,
And hath not the wit measure to keepe,
Where much angre is, strength is past,
And wisdom is drownded in folly deepe,
As fayer legges to a cripple are vnseemelie,
So to a sole honor is vndecent:
As snow in haruest is vntimelie,
So is it a plague where a sole is regent,
What shoud a sole do with money or treasure,
Seing that Sapience he can not bye,
In voluptuousnes he walloweth withoutt measure,
As a beastly swine doth in his filthie lye.

Moros. Body of God for angre I am like to die,
Where is Robinhode and pild lousy boy,
Cailest thou me sole, I vterlie thee deie,

Thee

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Thee and all thine, this sword shall vtterlie destroie,
Plucke out my sword god Mandiditie,
Passion of God, kill him dowlne right.

Ignorance. He shold not long liue in tranquilitie,

If I had my perfight senses and sight,
But be you ruled by my Councell,
For this time let vs depart and geue place,
We shall send them hether that shall him compell,
To holde his peace, yea, spite of his face.

Moros. Content, content, we will go hence in dæde,

We will send to you ere it be long,
Alas where be my seruaunts in time of nede,
This tough hōesun for me is to stronge. Go out both.

Discipline. As scripture calleth this the hieſt sapience,

God to know, to feare, to loue, and obey,
And the most pure and high intelligence,
Is to follow his precepts night and day,
So God to contempne, to despise, to hate,
Is ſuch a folly as none is more extreme,
This is the moſt miserable ſtate,
Pea, no ſtate at all as wiſe men do eſteeme,
When a ſole is compassed with Impietie,
Which is the contempt of God and his ordinaunces,
And ſuch a ſole exalted to authoſtie,
The people muſt nedeſ ſuſtaine many greuaunces.

For there God can not be duly honored,
His holy Sacraments had in estimation,
Neither the publicke weale rightly gouerned,
But all commeth to vtter diſſipation,
If we ſhould ſay all that might be ſaid,
Of ſoles in their extreme folly,
How Goddes people by them haue decaide,
Two daies would not ſerue I thinke truly. Go out.

Here entreth
people. Intollerabilius nil est quam diues avarus,
Quam stultus locuples, quam Fortunatus iniquus.

There is nothing moſe intollerable,
Then a ritch man that is covetouſe,
A ſole wealthy, a wicked man ſortunable,

A Judge

A nevv Commedie , called

A Judge perciall, an old man lecherous,
Good Lord how are we now molested,
The devill hath sent one into our countrie,
A monstre whom God and man hath detested,
A sole that came vp from a lowe degré,
My name is people, for I represent
All the people wher Moros doth dwell,
Such a person as is with nothing content,
So that we thinke him to be a devill of hell,
Neither learning, wið dom nor reason
Will serue where he taketh opinion,
His wordes and actes be al out of season,
By honest men he setteth not an Dynion,
And as he is such is his familie,
Not one honest person, among them I do knowe,
Ruffians, vilaynes, swerers, full of blasphemie,
Despylers of all honest men, both hye and lowe,
A whole Alphabete of his officers
I can recyfe though it be not in ordre,
A rable of Roysterly ruffelers,
Whiche trouble al honest men in our boders,
As for Impietie, Crueltie, and Ignorance,
Are cheif of his counsell verily,
Idenes, wrath, and lecherous dalliance,
Are they whiche in youth kept him company,
Hyz Anthony Arrogant Auditour,
Hartilme brybor, Bayly,
Clement Catchpole, Coslerer,
Division double faced dawie,
Edmund enuiouse cheife of the Calvery,
Fabian fashode his head farmer,
Gregory gozbely the goutie,
Gouerneth the grayne in the garner,
Haunce Halerder the horsekeper is,
James the iust is the cheife Judge,
Leonard Lecherous is man of law, I wisse,
Benolme the knaue is in cokere no drudre,
Martin the murtherer maister of mislike,

Nicoll

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Nicoll never thiff, the Notary,
Dwen overwhart, Master in Phisicke,
Quintine the quaffer, for nothing necessary,
Rafe Ruffian, the rude raylour,
Steuen Sturdy Master Suryauer,
Thomas the thefe, his chefe tailour,
William witesse, the great warrior,
With these and such like many moe,
We in his circuit be oppressed,
For remedie we wot not whether to goe,
To haue our calamitie redressed,
Unto God only wee referre our cause,
Humbly we commit all to his iudgment,
We haue offended him and his holy lawes,
Therefore are we worthy of this punishment.

Go out.

Moros. Where is he, blood, sides, hart and woundes,
Entre fu- A man I am now, every inch of mee,
elously with I shall teach the knaue, to kepe his boundes,
a gray beard. That his prating will profit I will see,
With me to come I wold not suffer one,
Pest, seruaunts I haue and that plentie,
I my selfe, I trow am god enough alone,
Pea, by the Mass if there were twentie,
Make no more a do but send thy heade,
Haue at thee, thou shalt know that I am a man,
Fight alone. I will make the that thou shalt eat no more breade,
Rayle no more at Master Moros than,
What there, eyther I haue him slaine,
Or elles from my sight he is fledde,
He is never like to trouble me againe,
I warrent him I haue brought him in bedde,
Gods Judgmet. The longer thou liuest, the more foole thou art,
This to the hath been often recited,
For so much as thou hast playd, such a foole's part,
As a foole thou shalt be iustly requited,
I represent Gods seuerre iudgement,
Whiche dallieh not where to strike he doth purpose,
Whether am I sent to the punishment,

A newy Commedie , called

Of this impious sole here called Moros,
Who hath sayd there is no God in his hart,
His holy lawes, he had stoutly blasphemed,
Godly Discipline could never his mind conuert,
Virtue nor honestie are not of him esteemed.

Moros. A Pestilence take them hoesun-knaues,
They are euer absent when I haue næde,
Hoesunnes bring your clubbes, billes, bowes, & staves,
I see that it is tyme now to take hæde.

Gods Judgmet According vnto his most wicked beleue,
So with his neighbours wickedly he dealeth,
From the pore he doth take and nothing doth geue,
He oppresleth, brybeth, defraudeth, and stealeth,
If he beleueth God, god woxkes to rewarde,
And Deuilles wickednes to punish in fire,
His promises and threatnes he wold moze regard,
Do penance and soz mercy desire,
But such soles in their harts do say,
That there is no God, neyther Heauen, nor Hels,
According to their saying they follow that way,
Like as a little before I did tell,
For as much as vengeance to God doth belong,
And hee will the same recompence,
That he is a God of power, mightie and strong,
The soles shall know by experiance,
With this sword of vengeance I strike thei,
Thy wicked Houseshold shalbe dispersed,
Thy children shalbe roote out to the fourth degré,
Like as the mouth of God hath rehersed.

Strike
Moros, and
let him fall
downe.

Moros.

Cyther I haue the falling sickenes,
Or elles with the Palsey I am striken:
I feele in my selfe no manner of quickenes,
I beginne now straungly to sicken.

Gods Judgmet If thou hast grace for mercy now call,
Yet thy soule perchaunce thou maist save:
For his mercy is aboue his woxkes all,
On penitent sinners he is wont mercy to haue.

Moros.

It was but a qualme came ouer my hart,

3lacke

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I lacke nothing but a cuppe of good Wine.

Gods Judgmet. Indurate wretches can not conuert,

Entre Lon. But die in their filthines like swine.

fusion with Behold here cometh shame and Confusion,

an ill fauou- The reward of such wicked fooles all:

ted visure, To all the world shall appere thy abusion,

all thinges Why wickednes, and false beleue to great and small,

beside ill Here is an ill fauoured knaue by the Passe,

fauoured. Moros. Get the hence thefe with a wanion.

Gods Judgmet. This is the reward of such a folish Asse,

Fox evermore he shalbe thy companion,

Confusion. The wise shall haue honour in possession,

Thus the wise King Salomon doth say:

But the poxion of fooles is Confusion,

Whiche abideth with them for ever and aye.

Gods Judgmet. Confusion spoyle him of his array,

Geue him his fooles coate for him due:

His chayre and his staffe take thou away,

In sorow and care for ever let him ruc.

Moros. Am I a sleepe, in a dreame, or in a traunce,

Cuer me thinke that I shalbe waking:

Body of God this is a wonderfull chaunce,

I can not stand on my feete for quaking.

Confusion. As the eares of an Asse appeared in Spidas,

Though it were long er it were knowne,

So at length evermore it cometh to passe,

That the folly of fooles is openlie blowne,

And then in this world they haue confusion,

That is reprose, derision, and open shame,

And when they haue ended all their abusion,

They leaue, behind them an abominable name,

Come folish Moros, come go with me,

And I shall bring thec to a shanefull ende,

Thys malice will not let the, thy foly to see,

So that thou hast not the grace, thy life to amend,

Moros. Sancti, Amen, where is my godly geare,

I see well that I was a sleepe indeede,

What am I faing a fooles coate to weare,

A nevv Commedie , called

W^ee must learne at Ch^rist crosse me spedē,
Other I was a Gentleman and had seruauntes,
D^rels I dreamed that I was a Gentleman.

Confuson.

But thou art now a pesant of al pesantes,
A derision and mocke to Man and W^oman,
Cum forth of thy folly to receiue thy hyze,
Confuson, pouertye, sickenes, and punishment,
And after this life eternall fyze,
Due soz soles that be impenitent.

Moros.

Go with thee ill sauoured knaue,
I had leuer thou wert hanged by the necke,
If it please the Devill me to haue,
Let hym carry me away on his backe.

Confuson.

I will carry th^e to the Devill in dēde,
The w^orld shalbe well ridde of a sole.

Moros.

A dew to the Devill God send vs god spedē,
An other while with the Devill I must go to schole.

Gods Judgmet.

For sinne thongh God suffreth Impietie,
Greatly to the dishonour of his name,
Yet at length he throweth downe Iniquitie,
And putteth the Anthours therof to shame,
So confounded he tyzantes in times past,
Whom holy Scripture soles doth call,
For as beastes here their times they did wast,
And from our wickednes to an other did fall,
Wh^that shall we nedē their names to recite,
Seing that every man hath of them heard,
In our times we haue knowne soles full of spite,
And in this w^orld haue seene their reward,
Wh^te do not only them soles call here,
Wh^tich haue not the persight vse of reason,
Innocents wherof be many farre and nere,
In whom discretion is geason,
But those are the greatest soles properly,
Wh^tich disdaine to learne sapience,
To speake, to do, to worke, all thinges orderly,
And as God hath giuen intelligence,
But contrarie to nature and Gods will,

They

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

They stoppe their eyes through wilfull Ignorance,
They leke to flea, to prison, to pole, to pill,
Only for their owne furtherance,
Of all soles indeede this is the wort kinde,
Wherof this time we haue treated,
Whiche to all mischiefe geueth his minde,
And refuseth to be instructed,
Many thinges moe of soles we could talke,
But we haue detained long our audience,
An other way I am compelled to walke,

Entre all.iii. Desiring you a while to haue patience. Go out.
Excitation.

Although this sole of whom we haue spoken,
Hath refuseth all honest exercise,
Yet the harts of wisemen God doth open,
Vertuouse occupation not to despise,
For vndoubtedly it is as hard as they say,
To get the scepter out of the hand of Hercules,
As for one to be well occupied night or day,
That is nuseled in vnhappy Idlenes,
For as Theophilactus doth write,
Idlenes hath taught all iniquitie,
And as Ezechiel also doth recite,
Idlenes taught the Sodomites impietie,
Neuer will I beleue that man good to be,
Whether he be of the Clergie or Lay,
Whom Idle and not well occupied I see,
Whiche do nothing but eate, drinke, and play.

Pietie. We desire no man here to be offendeth,
In that we vse this terme Pietie,
Whiche is despised and vily pended,
Of sinners and Authours of Iniquitie,
For the Heathen Philosophers and Doctours,
Used the same terme and in the same sence,
Learned Christians true worshippers,
Created of Pietie with his science,
Plato, Aristotle, Valerius, and Tully,
Wrote of Pietie and diverse other,
And called it an honour due to God only,

A.iii.

And

A new Commedie, called

And a naturall dutie to Father and Mother,
Saint Augustine in his booke of Gods citie,
And in other Noble works that he did make,
Treateth holily of this terme Pietie,
And as he doth take it, so do we it take,
Ipsa est illa sapientia quæ Pietas vocatur,
Qua colitur Pater luminum
A quo est omne datum optimum.
That is the hieſt sayence notified,
Whiche is called Pietie in dæde,
Wherby the Father of light is worshipped,
From whom every god gift doth proceſſe.

Discipline.

Touching my person called Discipline,
In the procesſe, I haue ſaid ſufficient,
Yet to ende with ſome honeſte doctrine,
You haue here a learned mans iudgement,
There be many Disciplines as Authours do ſay,
Among all, there be two principall,
That be Scire & Sapere alway,
To haue cunning and wiſdom withall.

Exercitation.

Ut f luviosus habens gladium, ſic doctus iniquus.
Without faile this is a notable verſe,
I would all men could it well by roate,
The ſentencetheroſ Halomon doth reherſe,
I wilbe all the audience it to noate,
A wicked man hauing learning and cunning,
And doth many ſciences understand,
Is like one whose wittes are running,
I meane a madde man hauing a ſword in his hand.

Pietie.

For a madde man hauing in his hand edge tolle,
Seketh both him ſelfe and other to kill,
So a cunning man without wiſdom is but a ſole,
For both him ſelfe and many other he doth spill,
Wherfore who ſo euer hath intelligence,
Let him humble desire of God euermore,
That he will alſo geue him ſapience,
To beſtowe his cunning to his honour.

This

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Discipline. This is the sum of the hole intent,
To induce youth to these two aforesaide,
Scire & Sapere you know what is ment,
Then many thinges amisse shalbe well staide.

Exercitation. To learne many thinges, and many thinges to know,
Then to haue wiſdom the same to direct,
These be two Disciplines meete for hye and lowe,
Whiche to all vertues do the minde errect.

Pietie. For this time wee haue sayd sufficient,
With Scire and Sapere we make an ende,
Beseeching our Lord God onnipotent,
That among vs his grace he may sende.

Discipline. And here we make an ende trusting that all you present
Will beare vs recorde that no estate we defame;
To prayse the god order, now set is our intent,
And to further the glory of Gods holy name.

Exercitation. God laue the Queenes Highes, and the Nobilitie,
Defend her long we beseeche thee Lorde:
Whiche is the Patronelle of all humilitie,
A settor forth of truthe, and louer of concord.

Pietie. God preserue the Queenes most honorable Councell,
With all the Magistrates of this Region,
That they may agree to maintaine Gods Gospell,
Whiche is the most true and sincere Religion,
To rote out Antechrist I pray God they may take payne
Then will the Lorde send them honour and fame,
And after this life, geue them the reward of the same.

Discipline. Pray we for the Clergie and hole Spirituallie,
That they may teach and set forth Gods truthe alway,
I beseeche you, let vs pray for the hole communaltie,
That vpon vs all, God mercy take may,
So that eche one of vs, in the right way may staye,
All glory, honour, imperie, maiestie, and dignitie,
Be geuen bath now & euermore to the blessed Trinitie.

FINIS.



